Words that may never be read again.

by

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Where are the poets that once walked this land? Waiting for the sun to set just right. Maybe it will be today. Maybe it will be tonight.

Where are the poets that believed in true love? Giving into the future pain for a night of manic youth. To find out if it really was better to love and lost than not love at all.

Where are the poets that complicate the most mundane tasks?Showing their beauty and simplicity of the past.

Where are the poets that took their time? Make their name within their own life.
Was it time was slow and mostly hard? That few were able to really sit with what they felt inside.

Oh to be a poet in the ocean of life. I'm stuck writing these works alone, at night. No one will rave and cast my name in gold. My style is out of date, or so I've been told. Maybe I'm too direct with what I have to say. Maybe I could have been appreciated in another day.

But that's not life. Not mine anyway. Maybe after I'm gone my words will have something to say.

When I was born
I was born to fight
The words were trouble
and wouldn't come out right
So I would just walk, in the quiet

I thought long and hard
on the words I said
I would change them around in my head
but the words, were still a mighty fight

Others would laugh
and call me names
They thought my words
were mighty strange
I would just hurt, in the quiet

I dreamed of times
of better days
I dreamed my trouble
would go away
The words were a battle, everyday

The fight of words gave me a life
It gave me a gift
It gave me an eye
That could only be learned, in the quiet.
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Why can’t I be normal!
I scream at the walls
Crying on the floor
Another day, another fall

I can’t pull myself up
My bootstraps are broken
I just let myself down
With each word spoken

My past memories are lies
Exploited for my pain
I can’t do it, I tried
Said again and again

Again and again
Day after day
My own mind hates me
But my soul begs to stay

No one could ever
beat me like I do
I don’t trust anyone
I’m sorry, not even you

Why can’t I be normal?
I often ask myself
But what is normal
It’s no book on my shelf

For you are you
And I will be me
Each just as true
As anything can be
So if you beg to be normal
What does that even mean?
I need you to be you
So I feel free to be me

My words stay buried
Under the voice of
Celebrities and influencers
Politicians and entertainers

Invisible to the world you see
I can't leave the house
But I'm dying to be heard
Muted are the screams of my words

Infinite death scroll
Invisible death toll
of Silicon Valley
with blood on their hands

Not good enough
Not pretty enough
Not smart enough
DMs, comments and fears
Living in your head

Live and die by the algorithm
Built on the memory of souls
Memories of angels good enough
But those words were never told

Take the hand of one's you love
Look them in the eye
Tell them how much you love them
You don't have to say good bye

Did someone teach you how to cry
When they invaded your innocence
Cut compassion out and replaced it
with coercion and pain

Did someone teach you how to cry
When they shattered the fairy tale lie
Showing the truth of the human race
Rewriting your truths of your name

Your believe their words over your own
Until your belief in yourself is beaten and gone
Intrusive thoughts appear to be written in stone
Loops and rhythms screaming you are wrong

Did someone teach you how to cry
When the panic swarms your mind
Freezing you in the darkest terror
Freezing you and trauma as one

Did someone teach you how to cry
When I held you in my arms
Letting you fall apart
While I was praying to the stars

No one deserves to live only in pain
Everyone deserves sun after the rain
But that is not life, not while hate reigns
Don’t let our kids only feel the same

Did someone teach you how to cry
When you took back your own name
Took back your kindness, healed from the pain

Did someone teach you how to cry
Tears of joy dancing in the rain
I hope you can make this ending true
I hope you can rise again

As I walked to school every day
I would pass the last house on the left
Staring a hole through the tall wood fence
Until I heard the black dog bay

My heart would race as my knees failed me
Trying to run but not finding the way
Yet my breath came with the greatest fury
As the cold sweat poured here everyday

Please hold please don't let him go
As I used the little energy I had to limp
To some resemblance of safety and warmth
Letting the sun beam life into my heart

It's ok I'm ok I survived another day
I lay in bed awake at night savoring the safety
For tomorrow again I dare to say
I would once again hear the black dog bay

I tread time like flowing water
Fighting the current not to move
Burning calories like the sun burns
Time
You think I'm nothing like you
Too old to start from the beginning
Too young to just wait until I'm done
Every night I fight the past
and dread the future rays of the sun

Dreams, plans and aspirations
are words from an after school special
Fighting, hiding and surviving
are words I told my truancy officer
School may have been around the corner
but that was a million miles away
I didn't have the luxury of learning
When I fought a war everyday

It is what it is, what's done is done
That's what I tell myself but the dark dreams have begun
Every night I'm scared to death
Paralyzed, nowhere to run

Step over me from your 9 to 5
Don't worry about the scars on my face
It is what it is, what's done is done
In this world this place is mine

You told me I just need to work hard
You told me I was a bum
You never even asked or cared
What part of the world I was from
I tread time like flowing water
Fighting the current not to move
Burning calories like the sun burns
Time
Maybe someday I will be you

The headline read cop killer and crazy
In her mind she was saving her baby
Attention grabbing clickbait, just lazy
You didn't hear her scream, save me.

One dimensional and superficial news
Never acknowledged the years of abuse
Beaten and battered, broken and used
The black eyes and bruises never gave you a clue

Sit on your throne and judge her as crazy
She was a fathers daughter, mothers baby
Living in your bubbles, mindless daily
Opens your eyes and heart for once maybe

The headlines said cop killer and crazy
Only one line said, could be psychosis maybe
Mental illness makes the lines kind of hazy
In her mind she was saving her baby.

I may not be like you
But I'll help, if you need me
I may not say many words
But I still have a story to tell

This world feels mighty strange
You know me if you feel it
But my heart hasn't changed
It just gets clouded in the rain

You may not understand
The space that I needed
It just helps me heal
From the noises from within

I may not be like you
But I'm here, if you need me
I won't leave another
To feel alone in this world

I don't say many words
But each word, I feel it
I may not have caused it
But I feel your suffering

I may not understand
The heartache that brings it
But I'll never turn away
From a stranger or a friend

I may not be like you
Someday I may need you
Sometimes I need
The kind words of a friend

When you see a man and he is crying
That is the most broken sight of all
It takes more than a empty heart
To make a man break down and fall

When you see hope leave his body
And he looks beat beyond it all
Just lend a hand and say keep trying
You are one of His children after all

When you see a man who is breaking
His legs can't hold up the weight
Just sit with him just for a moment
It may be all he can take

Don't let your brother take all the beatings
Life can throw us all on the floor
Every soul is beautiful and broken
Every man has at least said no more

When you see a man and he is crying
That's the strongest man you may ever see
To take another step and keep from dying
The pain will someday set him free

Don't sit and say he's not even trying
He may be fighting as hard as he can be
We don't know another's struggle
But we can show some empathy

So lend your hand and a little time
It may be just what he needs
To let him know to keep trying
Just listen to your heart and believe
Just look inside your heart and believe

I threw my watch in the river
I threw my phone in the lake
I've had enough of your deadlines
It was all I could take

We all live for possessions
Living in jobs we hate
Trying to be productive in society
Just trying to be great

I drove my car in the river
I was bound to it's name
Living my life going in debt
This world is driving me insane

We buy into commercials
We buy into this game
We would rather sell our souls
Than to be labeled plain

I sold my house in the city
I'll get on the next train
Going somewhere so far away
Only my heart will remain

I don't work for possessions
I work to have my time
I won't buy into the business
Of giving you my life

I'm done with your commercials
I'm done with this game
From this day I own my life
The future will not be the same

I sit listening to the silence
As the wind knocks against the door
As if asking for me to come outside
Come outside and live once more

I sit listening to the silence
As the birds sing my name
Trying to get my attention
Telling me my life won't be the same

I sit listening to the silence
Locked inside on the couch
Locked inside my house
Locked inside my routine

I sit listening to the silence
As my heart leads the way
Not knowing what's ahead
And for once that's ok.

Do not mourn the poet
After he is gone
He’s loved a thousand nights
And dies a little by dawn

The sadness is heavy
And joy sometimes known
Fleeing in the distance
Another love. Another poem.

The heartbreaks bury him
In the depths of his own tomb
Loving a thousand years
Grieving a thousand wombs

Do not cry for the poet
He’s lived all he could
Many would give it all
To stand where he stood

You said you would stay
Because you had time to kill
My world was safe to you
Easy to forget

You held all the cards
To my fragile house
I was falling to the trees
Never looking down

I was what you created
Dressed in the illusion of your dream
Wearing the camouflage
Hiding the image of me

You weren't attracted to me
As much as you were attracted
By power. Molding me into
Your obedient resemblance of a man.

You spoke words you easily
Forgot. Just to throw
Them in my face. Just to throw
My watch out the window of your car.

Shattering my ego. Just to
Inflate your own sense of pleasure.
Pleasure from my pain.
Toying with the sound of my name.
Threw me in the trash for a
Convict for your own conviction.
Keeping your guilt in your prison.
Just to walk the world free of shame.

You said you would stay
Trapped in the lies of your world
Never to live completely free
Of the guilt you incurred

I didn’t know I was falling
After I convinced myself to fly
No clue where I was going
But I was soaring so very high

Everyday was like a dream
With a nightmare following behind
Falling in love with an idea
The immortals never die

Thoughts faster than sound
Watching myself from memories
Living a day after the day before
I can’t take this shit anymore

I didn’t know I was falling
Looking at the ground
My grave coming to meet me
Dying faster than sound

Everyday was like a dream
With a nightmare following behind
Im not sure who’s life I lived
Fuck I never meant it to be mine

Be the fearless rebel of love and compassion.
Don’t just follow your neighbors routine
Let’s build a world full of love everlasting
I have had enough of the cold and the mean

Watch what we say don’t curse like a sailor
Don’t get so mad over the trivial things
You’re the super hero the cosmic avenger
Be the greatness from your kids dreams

If you can’t change the world then you won’t
If you can’t live from the heart then don’t
But don’t shake your head at what I’m saying
If you can’t be a part of righting this wrong

Be the fearless rebel of love and compassion.
Don’t just follow your neighbors routine
Let’s build a world full of love everlasting
I have had enough of the cold and the mean

Words on words
Songs on songs
Too many creations
Nowhere to roam

My poem is buried
Before I am done
Never seeing the light
Page never torn

Meaningless words
Meaningless songs
Meaningless art
Meaningless home

Never accepted
Never known
Never read
Never belonged

Today I’m not myself
I can’t bring myself to feel
I know I should tell you
But I’ll let this illusion live
You smiled like you forgot
The broke and missing teeth
You smiled like you remembered
Who you use to be
We will run away from here
We will be the biggest stars
Live the life of champions
I’ll fly my jet to mars
We will run away from here
Live the life of fame
Live with all the big shots
You’ll be proud to hear my name
I know baby girl
I’ll see you on tv
We will have it all
You just wait and see
I remember how you smiled
The day we first me
Even after the damaged roads
With us, I’ll never regret.
Goodbye my baby girl
I hope you’re free of the pain
Someday baby girl
You’ll be in my arms again.

People idolize tragedy
For second hand excitement
To try and justify
Their meaningless routine
You love to look
And say how sad
Turning away from the mirror
To avoid making eye contact

People romanticize sadness
The heart of a post
The lust for the living
But yet they say, I'm fine
As long as no one really ask
What's on your mind?

Put three wooden crosses
On the side of the road
To pretend they still hear
To pretend somehow it matters
To pretend it all happens for a reason

Write with AI, the prompt says
On the social media status line
Waiting patiently for your keywords
Because you don't believe in yourself

It must write better than me
For it was trained on every poem
Ever written, ever said, ever bought
All my poems never got one like

I put in the prompt, love on a summers day
Waiting for something resembling Frost
But it was hard and cold, soulless
How did the trained computer get so lost

Can it see her eyes looking back at you?
Can it see if really her love is true?
Can it feel the butterflies run so deep?
Can it fill its heart to just watch her sleep?

What does a computer ever know of love
It's just four letters that made up a word
Simply a word in a vast sea of data
Does it daydream about seeing her later?

Does it's heartbreak a little
When she says goodbye
Does it feel the pain itself
To see tears fall from her eyes

Don't give your heart to AI
It's cold and relentless
No heart, mind our soul
It's all so senseless
Don't let it kill the heart of a poet
Don't let it kill the art in your soul
Don't let it take the life from your name
Or soon nothing will remain

From the bottom of the bottle
I see your picture on my wall
When you use to smile for me
Years before my fall.

From the ashes of this cigarette
I remember how you'd say my name
You'd look at me with your big brown eyes
My worlds never been the same

Talking to my old friend misery
Maybe I'm the one to blame
If only I was a better man
You still have my last name

From the bottom of the bottle
To his brothers on the floor
If I only had let you in
You wouldn't be out the door

For a moment when I close my eyes
Like a dream I still see
Your head on my shoulder
You laying next to me

For a moment I can smile
Before my heart breaks again
From the bottom of my bottle
My memories are my only friends.

From the ashes of this cigarette
That burned through your wedding dress
I'm sorry I lied to you
When I said I'll do my best

September told me not to come here
But I ignored her when was gone
She walked beside me on my journey
Like a love struck vagabond

My memories they deceive me
Tell me stories I've never lived
How will I ever remember
Just how much I have to give

In my darkness I see me clearer
Or do I just remember what I've done
Looking back is always easier
Than picking up and moving on

September told me not to come here
But I ignore her when I'm alone
The days gone by I am mourning
Like a hopeless man on the run

I am a glimpse of somebody familiar that you thought you once knew. You can't quite remember my name but you recognize that look in my eye. You've seen it somewhere before. You've seen it in the eyes of a child on a summer day. You've seen it in the eyes of your old family dog when you got home from school. You've seen it in your grandmother when she says she was proud of you. You didn't stop me as you walked by. You could have sworn you knew me when you looked into my eyes. Maybe I was someone you knew in school. Maybe I was someone your friend once knew. Or maybe I am someone who lived similar to you. A life lived on a parallel plane. A little different but basically the same. Maybe you felt weird and uncool. Maybe you had your heart broken a time or two. Maybe you thought no one could ever be like you. Maybe you find peace while sitting alone. Maybe you hate answering a phone. Whatever it is or what it could be. You could have sworn you truly knew me.

The heart beats different day to day
What holds it’s attention may not stay
Sometimes the music just goes away
The heart beats different from day to day

We never truly know what the future holds
We like to fool ourselves and hopes it does what its told
Spending endless hours chasing our goals
We never truly know what the future holds

The love of the past may flutter away
Leaving only fond memories to play
Sometimes our love just gets up and walks away
The heart beats different from day to day

Every kiss seals the moment in time
The next one may not be what we hoped to find
We sometimes can’t see the end of the line
Sometimes what’s left is the memory in our mind

The heart beats different day to day
What holds it’s attention may not stay
Sometimes the music just goes away
The heart beats different from day to day

Standing in line waiting for a concert you care nothing about, while a fan sees the sign that says sold out. Facebook, Twitter, Instagram and more. Pimping yourself as a social media whore. Fiending for the like and the follow. Maybe you'll hit 1000 tomorrow. The lights go down, the band hits the stage. Excuse me ma'am your phone is blocking the stage. I stand behind you while you use the flash. Sending the post to all your friends in your class. Living your life through the filters on your phone. Hoping your witty post will help you belong. Gotta put the selfie on your Snapchat story. Make them jealous with all your glory. The band leaves their heart on the stage. But all you see is the posts on your page.

My life is like a bipolar diary spread throughout the state littering the sidewalks like abandoned posters of last years concerts. Pages fluttering through the wind giving the reader a slight idea of who I am but never the full picture. Sinner, saint, Christian and pagan. If only I knew which one to believe.

I misplace it from time to time

It sings like a morose nursery rhyme

Just one more change and I'll be fine

Excuse me sir have you seen my mind

I’m the old rusted Cadillac
In the middle of the field
I’ve seen some good times
But a memory doesn’t seem real

When I rolled off the line
I dreamed of all that could be
I never knew as the years went by
I would be rusted under this tree

Cruising down the streets at night
With young love in my seats
Looking at the stars above
Life was innocent, joyful, and free

As the time passed by
And the seasons changed
The people that drove me
Were never the same

Now I sit under this tree
Dreaming a dream that will never be
Hoping someone will come along
And see the beauty that lies in me

I’m the old rusted Cadillac
In the middle of the field
I’ve seen some good times
But a memory never seems real

If today's the day I leave you

And they say my life is done

Don't be sad for me my dear

The alarm clock ringing in my ear
Awoke me from my dreams
Every day is the same before
Is anything really how it seems

On my long drive to work
I pretend I'm in a band
The steering wheel is my guitar
Playing to all my fans

Just when my solo starts
The phone rings in my ear
Boss is screaming in my head
Asking are you here

This is no way to live my life
I won't abide by your fear
It's time to get over it
And get the hell out of here

So I head my car to Bristol
Not sure what I'll find
I don't have a business plan
But I found my piece of mind

You'll understand one day
When your time has come
You'll think what I should've did
And then it'll all be done

So live your life your own way
And live it far beyond
How you thought it'd ever be
Remember it's your only one

So head your car for Bristol
Head your heart for Spain
All aboard for New England
And dance a little in the rain

So live your life your own way
And live it far beyond
How you thought it'd ever be
Remember it's your only one

We chase the grades for a better tomorrow
We chase the school for a better life
We chase the profession for security
We chase the promotion to achieve

We chase the dream that never ends
Running in circles again and again
We chase for years for a better day
But there is no beginning or an end

Yesterday is a memory playing in our minds
The good, bad, and ugly etched into time
Tomorrow is a gift we hope to see
But for some, they will never find

Don’t let the chase become your life
Don’t let tomorrow hold all your dreams
Live today for what you believe
Don’t live in the illusion of want or need

A five minute diagnosis
From a preoccupied physician
Too busy to put down his pen
Too busy to try to listen

Shoving a pill down my throat
That stripped away my soul
Master of my own execution
Just a side effect, not the goal

I am artist and all that comes with it. The severe introvert with a need to connect somehow through others with words printed on a page that may never get read. I can't tell you what you want to hear because I can't understand how you function in the vacuum of self absorption. I try to fit in and belong to the crowd that surrounds me but the truth is I'm just a mirror to what you do. Hiding my soul in a tattered box in the corner destined for tomorrow's trash. I speak to my demons in the morning to keep them in check so maybe I can make it through one more day. One more day in an achievement. One more day is my goal. One more day is what keeps me above ground, one more day. My words aren't meant to be pretty, much like most of the world. Smiling in the morning to hide the darkness at dusk. Keeping the devil quiet through the night. I am an artist and all that comes with it. Keeping the light on and fire burning until my soul is gone.

Trapped in a white room
With a particle board desk
Staring at a calendar
Listing holidays I'll never take

Working behind a firewall
Monitoring my phone calls
For better customer service
To ensure my obedient compliance

Investing in a ergonomic keyboard
To match last years lumbar support
In the coldest light imaginable
To hide the slow passing of time

Midnight looks like morning
As the clock on my desk
Runs slowly almost reversing
The hope of escaping alive

Thank you Mr. Hawkins
For your years of dedication
Sacrificing your family
For the greed of a few

Your services are valued
But no longer needed.
Please leave behind
Any items belonging to us.

When you see a man and he is crying
That is the most broken sight of all
It takes more than a empty heart
To make a man break down and fall

When you see hope leave his body
And he looks beat beyond it all
Just lend a hand and say keep trying
You are one of his children after all

When you see a man who is breaking
His legs can't hold up the weight
Just sit with him just for a moment
It may be all he can take

Don't let your brother take all the beating
Life can throw us all on the floor
Every soul is beautiful and broken
Every Man has at least said no more

When you see a man and he is crying
That's the strongest man you may ever see
To take another step and keep from dying
The pain will someday set him free

Don't sit and say he's not even trying
He may be fighting as hard as he can be
We don't know another's struggle
But we can show some empathy

So lend your hand and a little time
It may be just what he needs
To let him know to keep trying
Just listen to your heart and believe
Just look inside your heart and believe

From the first hours of the day
The light of the world dared to stay
The flickering flame of the newborn heart
Threatening darkness from the start

The nine months that never fully passed
Praying that his fragile world is heavy glass
Heavy as the iron that protects our ships
Heavy are the words passing from her lips

Hope dangeling violently by a thread
Slowly engulfed by fear and dread
What did I do wrong, what have I done?
I never meant to hurt you my dearest son

Fighting because I knew nothing more
I have yet to experience what this life is for
Is this a punishment, is this a test
Im not prepared for my somber rest

His life beats through a cold machine
Through his eyes I see an angels gleam
Burning with an unremitting will to live
Each day I will give all I have to give

collapse to my knees to rejoice once more
My warrior can battle all that's in store
The bravest I hold in the palm of my hand
Today I'm proud to say my son is a man.

The sun laughs as we scamper about
Like a mad man in search of nothing
Running away from a problem
Running to a place of perceived comfort

Getting in our cars to speed to work
Rushing to the timeclock not to be late
Anxiety riddled and lexapro bound
Slaving for a debt where the interest compounds

Did you see the house I built in the burbs
Did you see my new Lexus by the curb
Did you see my new boat in the drive
Working for a image you try to justify

I sigh as people pass me by
Trying to find meaning in a busy life
Trying to find peace in material things
Trying to find happiness from others means

The sun, the moon and the trees
They all know what it really means
But we search for a key trying to be free
Yet it surrounds us all along.

Name tags binding our names
College degrees keeping us in chains
Paying off a debt
that seems to forever remain

The sun laughs as we scamper about
Our minds screaming to let us out

I don’t feel much like a member
Of your social club.
I think I forgot my black jacket
To cover this tattered shirt

I feel a lot like a neighbor
That you view from afar
Wondering where his life went
When he holds that battered guitar

I feel mostly like a drifter
With a resemblance of a name
Living with a stranger
Wondering what part is the same

What you feel is closer
We aren’t so far apart
You may have different visions
But you came from our hearts

We both are a little quieter
Our roads aren’t quite the same
But there’s more to a family
Than a common house and a name

We both are a little louder
When we believe in what we say
We both know how to stand our ground
We both return at the end of a day

It’s not the walls that protect us
Not the roof over our head
It’s the love that surrounds us
Let’s me rest easy in the bed

I don’t feel much like a member
Of societies club

But I know I’m not alone
I know where I’m from

I know there is a place for me
I know where I belong
I’m thankful for those around me
I’m thankful for my home

Who has a right to judge your creation? Don’t get on your knees just for another’s validation. Your work should stand firm on its own. Don’t let them associate it with your zip code or your home. An artist creates to fulfill the command of his soul. The editor is just concerned on the number of copies sold. The more advertisers, the more you will pay. When you kneel to their rules, it’s their game you play. Do you write with the same pure mission? Or do you factor in that editors decision. Wanting to see your name in black on that page. Is it worth being a puppet on their stage? If you can change someone’s life with an idea or a phrase, never let another fill your page. Stand true, stand firm to what drives your soul. Being true to yourself is the greatest story ever told. The greats are never made by one editors decision. Never let a critic change your vision.

I write these words because I can’t say hello. I greet you to mimic a person you know. I’m the mirror you fail to see. I’m silent yet engaged in your conversation but I fail to let you know me. I’m scared you’ll laugh and point at me like a circus freak. I know I’m not normal but I don’t like it when you call me out. I want to be like you from 9 to 5, then I want my heart and soul to come alive. I write these words because I don’t want you to feel so alone. Maybe in finding a friend, you’ll feel a bit more at home. More at home in a foreign town surrounded by the army of tradition. You know who you are but you are terrified. Terrified they will break the illusion of comfort in your creations. Comfort behind the walls of complacent contempt. Comfort in the house of hope veiled in the hidden shroud of hopelessness. I write these words because I can’t say hello.

Waking up is easy
Getting out of bed is fine
Getting dressed is automatic
Walking out the front door is paralyzing

I dreamed underneath the shade tree
I dreamed I was enjoying the summer day
Walking hand in hand with destiny
Even though destruction was her name

To dream a dream
That wasn't mine
Dissolves to a thought
That becomes clear in time

The danger of living
Comes not from isolation
But trying to predetermine
The outcome of every situation

The trouble with this world is
It's a place I don't think I belong
The only problem with that is
It's the only place I can call my home

A man wanders through a nature trail in the middle of the suburban retail utopia. He comes here for the illusion of quiet. I say illusion because it looks like it should be quiet and peaceful, maybe with the right noise canceling headphones playing a nature soundtrack he will get even closer to that illusion. The reality is this is was land was flattened in spots and graded in others to give off the illusion of a natural landscape. Signs nailed into trees with jagged metal screws with the latin name of the tree and its origin. This way you feel like you actually understand nature better and feel like maybe you belong here. He walks along a curving paved path for comport and safety. Don't want anyone to sprain their ankle. Along side the far edge of the path, it runs parallel to a chain link fence that is poorly hidden by overgrown weeds and grass then runs sharply into a perfectly symmetrical row of power lines. Humming with the subtle reminder that you will die without its power and could easily die from its power. He hears a scurry in the bushes and sees a squirrel dart out skipping and hopping its way through the sticks and leaves. For a moment he can witness the greatness of our planet, only for a short glimpse. A semi truck roars past on a nearby highway. His phone dings with the urgent alert from his boss. The plane has landed, you need to get here ASAP, the message reads. His heart drops with anxiety as to what the afternoon with hold, and his heart drops with sadness that he may never understand the productivity machine our society has created. Hustle till you are dead. Then what?

The moonlight covers her body
As the nights breeze dances in her hair
Gazing at the wonders above
Thinking if she will ever live up there

Lost in time and space
That no one could ever see
Letting go of her worries
Alive in the moment she will be

Breathing in the worldly beauty
And letting go of all the pain
In each passing moment
She will never be the same

Tomorrow is a product of the day before
Only one thing will remain the same
Time, life, and love goes by
But she will always have her name

The beauty that lies within her
Only a lucky few will see
She never needs approval
From you, from anyone, or me

The moonlight covers her body
Her spirit dances in the air
She can feel the love of the world
Her heart and mind, a perfect pair

I may not be like you
But I'll help, if you need me
I may not say many words
But I still have a story to tell

This world feels mighty strange
You know me if you feel it
But my heart hasn't changed
It just gets clouded in the rain

You may not understand
The space that I needed
It just helps me heal
From the noises from within

I may not be like you
But I'm here, if you need me
I won't leave another
To feel alone in this world

I don't say many words
But each word, I feel it
I may not have caused it
But I feel your suffering

I may not understand
The heartache that brings it
But I'll never turn away
From a stranger or a friend

I may not be like you
Someday I may need you
Sometimes I need
The kind words of a friend

Drinking my 5am cofee
At half past noon
Tasting the bitter
Procrastination of life

Feeling the familiar
Caress of a cigarette
Breathing in the illusion
That keeps the fire burning

Preparing my mind
To cope with the mindless
Repetition of resistance
For forty hours or more

Panic for productivity
Pain as a profession
Just for more possessions
And the 401k illusion

Someday I can live
Someday I'll be free
Someday I'll retire
Someday I'll achieve

Buy food on credit
For the first 15 years
Paying off the debts
For the next thirty.

When they bury me
You can rest easy
The final price of peace
Can be paid in monthly installments

People are quick to say I don’t need you
Because they are too afraid to say don’t go.
Building bunkers for their innocence
Keeping the demons at the door

I don’t need nobody she screams
After cutting her arm from the broken
Glass she snatched from the broken
Picture frame with his picture in it.

I don’t need nobody he screams
After his parents shut him out
From any resemblance of affection
Not knowing what he’s about

I don’t need nobody she screams
Closing Facebook on her phone
As she slips on the lasso
She hopes will send her home

People are quick to say I don’t need you
Because they are too afraid to say don’t go
Begging silently to be heard by someone
Longing for family and to belong

A place to feel security
Simple comforts of home
Dreaming of serenity
While sitting all alone

Dreaming of security
Needing to belong

I didn’t know I was falling
After I convinced myself to fly
No clue where I was going
But I was soaring so very high

Everyday was like a dream
With a nightmare following behind
Falling in love with an idea
The immortals never die

Thoughts faster than sound
Watching myself from memories
Living a day after the day before
I can’t take this shit anymore

I didn’t know I was falling
Looking at the ground
My grave coming to meet me
Dying faster than sound

Everyday was like a dream
With a nightmare following behind
Im not sure who’s life I lived
Fuck I never meant it to be mine.

I fell in love with the madness
Warm and cozy in the sadness
I didn’t choose to have this mind
Like water life slips through time

It keeps flowing and losing traction
Speeding through the chain reaction
Setting myself up for future disaster
Kicked down to the floor by my silent master

I’m not sure if it was a gift or a curse
It’s not too bad being close to the worst
But there’s not much light in the deepest hole
It’s all contained in the madness of my soul

So I hold it tightly and deeply within me
Hoping that my loved ones will be free
Free from the darkness I hold so dear
I smile back hoping to calm their fear

I fell in love with the madness
Warm and cozy in the sadness
I didn’t choose to have this mind
Like water life slips through time

I had to get out of the house
Of course staying six feet apart.
The new normal driving everyone
To the new disorder. The new anxiety.
No one on the street.
No kids riding their bikes. No laughter.

It's quiet way too damn quiet.
Highly introverted but dying
For some somewhat social interaction
I pass by the only vacant lot
In our somewhat new subdivision.
But that can't be the house.

I know the house that burned
I'm not there yet, It can't be
But it's the only driveway to nowhere
Shit. How can I forget? How do I…
The fire trucks burned into my brain
The news reports. Shit what was her name?

Revolving around my own depression
Turning the news into my new obsession
Taking for granted what I have
Unintentionally yet still the same result
This is all new and these events are bad
But I can't overlook all that I have

Yeah I have a new diagnosis, new meds
New routine. Still fighting to live
In the face of it all. It'll take more than this
To push me to my fall.

Over time everyone becomes an observer
Fueled by the remaining memories of before

Driving alone on the overcrowded roads
Hopefully everyone else is paying attention

As they check their phone for a missed text
Making sure they don't miss a thing

Making sure they don't miss the one chance
Of redemption they beg for in their sleep

Not taking calls from their friends
To not miss the call they hope comes soon

Staying awake so they don't miss
What will come any minute now

What are they waiting for?
They forgot along the way

Ignoring the world as they wait
Forgetting themselves as they wait

As she waits alone in the hospital
She realizes the wait is finally over

I won’t insult you by telling you I know how you feel. By telling you the sun will rise again, this too shall pass, it won’t rain forever. I won’t patronize you in iambic pentameter, trying to show you how sympathetic I am with my words. Trying to use your pain to sell a poem. I can’t know your pain. I can’t feel your heart. I can’t live in the existence of your soul. I wouldn’t dare tell you I know how you feel. I’ll just be here. I won’t try to fix you. I won’t motivate you. I won’t try to relate to you like a high school chemistry teacher. I’ll just be here.

She erupts with rage
As the cashier rings
Tomorrow’s groceries
With yesterday’s wage

I can’t put anything
Back there’s nothing left
But my medicine
I can do without

She erupts with rage
Blaming the cashier
Because no one else
Is there to hold her hand

She erupts with rage
As the pressure builds
As the interest compounds
As the postman brings more bills

She erupts with rage
Before she falls to her knees
Broken and battered
But her soul not shattered

She erupts with rage
Because she feels so alone
So alone even at home
Even at home she doesn’t belong

Dangerous and challenging
Is the warning label attached
To the contract you will receive
At the start of our friendship

Likely to disappear without
Warning. Do not proceed
If you wish to remain healthy
During the coming months.

May cause strong emotions
Due to the inconsistent care.
But even when I can’t find the words
The love and affection still lives there

Broken battered and shattered
Determined not to die
Strength looks different than before
Even in the dark vacuum I will try.